THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

> Various;—that the mind
> Of desultory man, studious of change,
> And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.
> COWPER.

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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

MISCELLANY.

For The Port Folio.

ALTHOUGH perhaps it would be too bold to assert that nothing is arduous to mortals, yet reason and experience evince that there are few objects which labour and assiduity may not attain. There are indeed impossibilities to intelligences the most exalted; but among the undertakings that appear at first view beyond the reach of human effort, and yet that do not bear in their essence the character of absurdity, none exist whose iron bars the force of man may not burst asunder. It is true he cannot "loose the bands of Orion," nor "control the influence of Pleiades," but he may improve, and direct, and expand his faculties to a degree that will almost rival supernatural power.

Men are too apt, says Montaigne, to be ignorant of their own abilities. Not that we are deficient in vanity, nor that in a general estimate, we underrate our powers; but we perpetually shrink from their application to particular objects, and, lost in the immensity of our desires, we forget that our efforts are enfeebled by their want of concentration. Never has a single mind arrived at its acmé of perfection: on the contrary, the rapidity of its improvement increases in proportion with its advance towards excellence. It is endowed with talents of immeasurable extent, whose efforts nothing in the universe can resist.

Let the lights of history or tradition conduct the view back to the earliest periods of the world, and they will faintly display the first feeble attempts of industry in ignorant and savage ages. Let them advance towards the present era, and everywhere they discover monuments of genius and labour that would once have been considered without the scope of mortal power. They will exhibit those immense fabricks from whose summit the modern Ammon contemplated his glory through the darkness of fourteen centuries; they will show the hero of Macedon bestriding the world and embracing in his gigantick arms the east and the west at the same time; they will display the philosopher of Syracuse defying the feeble efforts of a mighty enemy, and holding in his hands the lightning and the thunders of Olympus; and they will illumine the path of Newton, dividing and directing the Heavens with his magick *lituus*, and pursuing the comet through its eccentrick maze.

If such have been the powers of the human soul, if they have already soared through every limit of creation, and dared to rend the veil that

once obscured their ambitious view, how far may they not extend? What can circumscribe their desires, or arrest their rapid course? Who does not wish to penetrate the inmost recesses of Nature, and explore the treasures she conceals? Who would not acquire knowledge if it were only necessary to move the body or to raise the eye? and yet little greater are the difficulties when familiarized by use. It is but to remember that the wisest and the brightest of mankind have acquired their eminence only by their own efforts, to inspire us with a spirit of emulation, and to convince us that labour justly directed was never lost. In the moral, as well as in the physical world, industry can level the mountain, or force the river from its native bed; but without industry the smallest obstacle forms an insuperable bar. The Travels of Anacharsis were the offspring of twenty years' perpetual care, and the immortal effusions that commemorate the genius and the learning of Gibbon, derived their excellence from the unwearied toils, the lengthened labours, and the unconquerable assiduity of their elegant authour. Even the works of fancy that must appear to flow spontaneously from their inspired writers, require the calm correction of time, and the revision of after study.

——— Si quid tamen olim
Scripseris, in Maeti descendat judicis aures,
Et patris, et nostras; nonumque prematur in annum,
Membranis intus positis: delere licebit,
Quod non edideris; nescit vox missa reverti.

It has been often questioned whether, to enrich the mind, it were better to improve its native faculties by close and continued meditation, or by taking advantage of the labour of others, and building chiefly on the basis they have laid. Rousseau approves of little reading and constant thought;* but the mind unstored with borrowed wealth is not a never-failing source, and is soon exhausted if not replenished with perpetual aids. Air-built castles seduce the attention from its proper objects, and visionary dreams usurp the place of calm reflection, until the imagination falls into pursuits ridiculous as those of Leonardo, who wasted his hours in decorating lizards with artificial wings; while, by a neglect of thought, the breast becomes like the mountains of Heloctia, the depositary of treasures, which their owners dare not explore. Genius is an emanation from the Divinity that will be idolized wherever it may be found; but genius is of little avail unless seconded by the advantages of learning and the honourable fruits of unwearied study.

There is no period of life at which we are not capable of great undertakings. The flexibility and ardour of youth enables it to acquire, the maturity and vigour of manhood are calculated for action, and solid judgment and experience characterize the hours of declining age. We are never too young to commence our career, nor can the hand of time alone arrest the progress of the mind: for infancy will often exhibit the energy of manhood, and years prolonged nearly to their utmost extent afford frequent instances of the pliancy of youth. Every period then is adapted to exertion, and the hour to begin is always the present hour.

SALADIN.

* Peu lire et penser beaucoup à nos lectures est le moyen de les bien digérer.

For The Port Folio.

The votaries of gaping Credulity, old women, fanaticks, *et id genus omne*, propagated at the time of the demise of the younger Lyttleton, a ridiculous story about a *warning* and a *ghost*, a lady *all in white*, and a fluttering bird with the raven croak of Death and Despair. The legitimate facts were, that this dissipated Nobleman, whose ardent impulses hurried him to every excess, whose fervid genius incited him to a *debauch* with Literature in the morn, and whose violent passions goaded him to a debauch with *Lais* at eve, had, many years before his death, greatly impaired the vigour of his constitution, and deeply clouded the serenity of his mind. He was harassed with hypochondria, he was tormented by the stings of conscience, and his overlaboured and exhausted day was succeeded

by a night of horrible dreams. In such circumstances his moody melancholy would be but too conspicuous, and he would himself sometimes talk of his sufferings in the tone of Superstition. The ignorance and impertinence of footmen, the cackle of chambermaids, and the gossiping of old crones and nurses, would magnify his lordship's dreams into ghosts and demons of the most tremendous size. But the man of the world and the medical philosopher know that the laborious mornings of an ambitious statesman, and the jovial evening of a mad rake, debilitated by the caresses of half the courtezans of Italy, are sufficiently operative upon the Imagination, at those hours, when volition is suspended. Such an Imagination will see "more devils than vast hell can hold." But the return of Morn and of Reason will convince the dreamer that the phantoms of the nocturnal hour are merely the mockeries of the mind.

As publick Curiosity is always eager to peruse stories of this class; and as in that respectable Journal, The Gentleman's Magazine, the tale of terrour is succeeded by a very philosophical refutation, we copy the article, which was the town talk of the day.

Anecdotes and Remarks respecting the Sudden Death of the late Lord Lyttleton.

The very extraordinary circumstances that preceded the dissolution of the young, the gay, the dissipated Lord Lyttleton, when they first appeared in print, soon after his death, were generally considered as the productions of some enthusiastick brain, ever ready to construe all striking impressions on the minds of men, who have led a life of vice or folly, into extraordinary interpositions of Providence to promote the reformation of the hardened sinner; and to alarm a volatile, unthinking, giddy race of people, who, following the tide of luxury and sensuality, are easily seduced into a denial of the existence of a superintending Providence, or, if not so far advanced on the road of infidelity, at least forget that there is a God. Considered in this point of view, it is no wonder, in an age like this, when Philosophy, instead of being the handmaid to Truth, is the prostituted mistress of Atheism and Impiety, that every report concerning the previous warning, given to his lordship in a dream, of his approaching end, was received by the publick as an idle tale, and made the standing jest of all the polite assemblies in town.

At length, however, the following anecdote, so well attested that not a shadow of doubt remains of its authenticity, has given birth to a variety of speculative opinions on the nature of that impression on his lord hip's mind, which, from the time of his communicating his dream to within an hour of his death, certainly was too strong to be subdued either by the strength of a fine natural genius, the force of reason improved by a liberal education, or the surrounding pleasures which affluence and elevated rank can always command, when their aid is wanting to dispel the gloom of melancholy reflections.

Having given the fact, as it now stands confirmed by the evidence of persons of character, we shall submit to our readers some free thoughts upon the subject, and shall esteem it as a favour if our correspondents will take up this interesting theme, and communicate their opinions, illustrated by any similar anecdotes within the compass of their own knowledge.

On Thursday morning, the 25th November last, his lordship mentioned at breakfast to Mrs. Flood (a widow lady who lived with him as companion to the Miss Amphlets, his nieces,) that he had passed a very restless night; that he thought he had heard a fluttering noise in the room; and that immediately after he fancied he saw a beautiful lady, dressed in white, with a bird on her hand, who desired he would settle his affairs, for that he had but a short time to live. On his inquiring how long, the vision answered, "*Not three days.*" His lordship mentioned this dream frequently, but with an affected air of careless indifference, which only showed that it had made a stronger impression on his mind, than he chose to acknowledge. On Saturday evening he pulled out his watch, observed that it was half past ten, and that he had still an hour and a half longer to live, and jocosely chucking under the chin

one of the young ladies, (his nieces) danced about the room, and asked her if she did not think he should get over it, and live beyond the time predicted for his death. Soon afterwards, however, he went to bed, complained of an uneasiness in his stomach, and while his servant was mixing a cup of rhubarb and peppermint-water, a medicine which he frequently took, expired. It was remarkable, likewise, that his lordship endeavoured to account for his having dreamed of the bird, by saying that a few days before, being in his greenhouse, at Pitt place, with Mrs. D——, he had taken some pains to catch a robin, which had been shut in, and which he had set at liberty.

The Methodists and the Quakers look upon the dream in this case, together with its effect on his lordship's mind and the accomplishment of the prediction, as one of those singular manifestations of his power over men, which God is pleased to make from time to time, in order to strike conviction home to the hearts of infidels and voluptuaries. Proper subjects, say they, are likewise chosen for these supernatural exertions of Providence; persons whose exalted station in life, universal acquaintance, and known dissipation make the example more awful and alarming to the gay world. Sermons have been already preached to enforce this doctrine on the strength of this recent instance, and the celebrated female speaker, Mrs. K——, is expected to deliver an excellent oration to the brethren and sisterhood in Gracechurch-street, upon this subject, wherein she will take occasion to demonstrate the divine intercourse between the Supreme Being and the spirit of man, from which will be deduced the favourite doctrine of the operations of the spirit, the chief tenet of the Quakers.

Others, who are inclined to think seriously upon the subject, but at the same time cannot subscribe to the opinion that there is any thing miraculous in the circumstance of the dream, or of his lordship's subsequent death, account for the whole from physical causes. They maintain, that his lordship having been in a bad state of health for nine months past, and labouring under an inward complaint which weakened his nerves, it is no wonder that he was subject to restless nights and uneasy dreams. His general complaint was a pain in his stomach, and his usual medicine, a dose of rhubarb in mint-water. His real disorder was a *polypus* on the heart, described to be a quantity of coagulated blood, contained in a *cyst* or bag, on the bursting of which, immediate death, the natural consequence, ensued.

Let us now reason candidly upon all these circumstances: is it not well known that frequent return of pains in the stomach bring on great dejection of mind, or what is called low spirits? It is natural to suppose, that the gayest man upon earth, in such a situation, will turn his thoughts upon the past disagreeable events of his life, and that if any *crime*, of which he is conscious, occurs to his recollection, it will serve only to increase the melancholy frame of his mind; the generous design of making retribution, the impossibility of doing this, in some cases, reflections upon death, which break in upon every valetudinarian, (whatever may be his religious opinions) all contribute to stir up the war within. Thus distempered in mind and body, accustomed to palliative relief, the voluptuary, upon the first interval of pain, repairs to the banquet, and indulges to excess. Repletion causes a return of the disorder, perhaps in a lesser degree, permitting exhausted nature to seek for recruiting strength from that universal restorative, balmy sleep; but this relief being interrupted by indigestion, perturbating dreams are the consequence—dreadful struggles between the active spirit, imagination, mind, or whatever you are pleased to call it, and the encumbered body, prevail—more horrid to sensation than words can describe: few there are, young or old, who have not laboured under these horrours, vulgarly called

the *night-mare*, after eating hearty suppers. What are the subjects that distract the man in these dreadful conflicts? Are they not familiar occurrences of his life? The horseman is flung from his seat, dashed on the pavement, the blood gushes from every vein, the struggle to recover awakens the terrified dreamer: he doubts for a few minutes whether the scene was not real, and dreads to close his eyes again, lest the imaginary vision should return. Another is attacked by a favourite dog or cat, and seems to feel the teeth or talons of these furious animals. In short, not to dwell upon the variety of shapes which this midnight disorder assumes, let us only add, that the seducer of women will in his turn be visited by the imaginary appearance of the injured female: the agitated mind and the diseased body may work this up, in one of these nocturnal phrenzies, into confused combinations of occurrences. Mrs. D——, representing the green-house occurrence, and the bird, the confined fluttering robin—with these might be intermixed (for the person in these dreams often changes in the instant, sometimes we fancy it one, and then another) some other female form, unhappily ruined, which assails the dreamer, and intimates what is most likely to strike the seducer with terrour, at his speedy dissolution. Awakened at this scene of terrour, the idea of some fixed time easily intrudes itself on the disturbed imagination, and leaves a lasting impression; just the same, and no more than that which has urged a man to give a premium for a particular lottery-ticket which he has dreamed of so perfect as to remember the number, and that it was drawn a capital prize.

The very evening after the dream, Lord Lyttleton in his weak state exerted himself in two speeches in the House of Lords, and returned home quite exhausted: what other fatiguing voluntary exertions he imposed upon himself the next day we know not; but it is a fact, that he ate a very hearty supper on the Saturday evening, that the impression upon his mind of his approaching death still affected him, that in this situation the pain in his stomach returned, too violent to permit him to take his usual medicine, or to go off in a confused dream. The pressure of the burthened stomach bore too heavy on the *polypus*, and the discharge killed him almost instantaneously.

We see nothing supernatural in all this, and could we possibly admit that the Supreme Being occasionally steps out of the line of the ordinary operations of his providence in the regular course of nature, we should suppose it would be to furnish more general examples of his omnipotence and mercy, which must inevitably have an effect on whole bodies of people; on the conduct of nations; and produce general, not particular changes.

Montezuma and his subjects, by such an interposition, would have avoided those horrid cruelties under which they slowly expired, when the Christian Spaniards conquered Mexico: or the innocent victims of a bloody inquisition would have been saved, while the pretended holy inquisitors had been destroyed by fire from heaven. But as we have no right to expect miracles of this nature, it is miserable superstition to believe that they exist for less important purposes.

Finally, let it be remembered that men of apparently vigorous constitutions and sound judgments have been killed by the force of imagination; and in Lord Lyttleton's case, if imagination had any force, disease of body cooperated at the same time to hasten his dissolution.

In an obituary for 1779, written by Edmund Burke, is the following brief notice of the titles, family connexions, and death of this nobleman.

Died in November, 1779, the Right Honourable Thomas Lord Lyttleton, Baron of Frankley; a Privy Counseller; Chief Justice in Eyer of His Majesty's forests north of Trent, and High Steward of Bewdley in Worcestershire. His Lordship was born January 30, 1744, and succeeded his

father George Lord Lyttleton, August 22, 1773. He took his seat in Parliament the succeeding session, and *has been distinguished as a very eloquent speaker.* He married June 24, 1772, Apphia, daughter of Broome Witts, Esq. of Chipping Norton, Oxfordshire, and widow of Joseph Peach, Esq. late Governour of Calcutta in the East-Indies, but, dying without issue, the title is extinct.

For The Port Folio.

COMMUNICATION.

Augusta, Georgia, July 6, 1807.

Saturday last, the anniversary of American Independence, and era of our national existence, was ushered in by a discharge of canon from the Augusta Volunteer Artillery. The company of Rangers paraded at an early hour, and marched to the house of Isaac Herbert, Esq. where they drew up, and under presented arms received from the hands of his amiable daughter, an elegant stand of colours, with a suitable address. This, with the answer of Captain Neilson, is annexed. The field is of white lustring, with the accustomed devices; the stripes formed alternately of green and white afford a charming contrast; the letters composing the words, "*E Pluribus Unum,*" above, and "*Augusta Volunteer Rangers*" below the Eagle, which is incomparably finished, as well as the Stars, emblematick of the number of States in the Union, are admirably executed. In short, the whole does as much honour to the taste and talents, as the gift itself declares the patriotism of the fair donors. The company, after receiving them, countermarched under carried arms, the officers saluting the ladies as they passed. They preceeded with the other volunteer companies, whom they joined on their respective parades, to St. Paul's Church, where an appropriate prayer, expressive of our gratitude to the Authour of all good for the blessings this day once conferred on us, and for the happiness which we enjoy under a virtuous, wise, and prudent administration, was most feelingly delivered by the Revd. Mr. Thompson, after which the Declaration of Independence (that eloquent and admirable production of our revered President) was distinctly read by Edmund Bacon, Esq. An oration, breathing the sentiments of genuine liberty, such as animated our forefathers in their arduous, but glorious, struggle for Independence, was then delivered, in a manner impassioned, energetick, and graceful, by Doctor Casey. Several gentlemen contributed more than a little by their musical talents, and judicious selection of appropriate pieces, to this "feast of reason and flow of soul." When "Hail Columbia, happy land" was played, every person stood up, and some gentlemen then sang; the chorus was joined by every person present, and had a charming effect. After the oration, the Rev. Mr. Thompson, consecrated the colours of the Rangers, and delivered on the occasion a short, but feeling, and pathetick address. The Church was uncommonly crowded, and many were disappointed of places.

On presenting the Stand of Colours to the Augusta Volunteer Rangers, Miss Sarah Herbert thus addressed Captain Neilson:

SIR,

Having prepared a set of colours with suitable emblems for a military company, permit us to offer them to your acceptance, as a testimony of our respect for the Augusta Volunteer Rangers.

Though the female part of the community are but little concerned in the civil or military arrangements of their country, yet we trust that *all our sex* hold in just estimation and respect, those characters, on whose wisdom and prudence they can rely for security, and on whose honour and bravery they could at all times depend for protection.

While doing ourselves the pleasure to present this standard, you will permit us to express our earnest hope, that you may never have occasion to unfurl it, but in a time of

peace; but should the situation of our country require your exertions in the "tented field," we are confident that it will be defended with a bravery becoming yourselves, and worthy the cause in which you engage.

For the prosperity and the happiness of yourself and of the company you command, please to accept our best wishes.

At the close of the address, a band of musick played a short and pleasing air, after which Captain Neilson replied in the following words:

LADIES,

Allow me, in behalf of the Augusta Volunteer Rangers, to thank you for the colours you have done them the honour to present: this elegant and patriotick gift, bearing the arms of our country, the watchful bird of liberty, so admirably wrought, we receive with sentiments of the most perfect esteem, the highest respect. It will add, if possible, to that glow of patriotism with which our breasts are animated. The estimation and respect in which you hold those on whom you can rely for security and protection, with whom, through your partiality, we are ranked, shall never be forfeited.

Should the amiable female wish which accompanies these Colours, that the peaceful olive may ever render it unnecessary to display them in the hostile field, prove vain, and should we at the call of our country be summoned thereto, we will endeavour by rallying round them unfurled, as they shall ever be in the cause of liberty, to defend her rights, and to justify the confidence you are pleased to repose in us. I pray you to accept of the ardent wishes of the Augusta Volunteer Rangers for your happiness and welfare, and to receive the assurances of my high respect and esteem.

For The Port Folio

The following old ballad from an uncertain authour was probably written at that fortunate era, when the House of Lords was voted useless, when human learning was decried as dross, when an Archbishop was but another name for antichrist, and when a King was buffeted, spit upon, and *murdered*. The sentiments in the following ditty of Dissenters, are so entirely to the taste of the majority of our loving countrymen, that we cannot render a more acceptable service to the republican faction than to favour them with a copy. The exulting burden of this precious ballad is the honest triumph of gross Ignorance and stupid Malignity over Genius, Virtue, Rank, and Consideration. It is the exultation of a Pym over Laud, of Vane over Strafford, of a fanatick Cromwell over the churchman CHARLES.

SONG OF ANARCHUS.

Know then, my brethren, Heaven is clear,
And all the clouds are gone;
The *righteous* now shall flourish, and
Good days are coming on:
Come then, my brethren, and be glad,
And eke rejoice with me;
Lawn sleeves and *rochets shall go down*,
And hey! then up go we.

* * * * *

We'll down with all the *'Varsites*
Where *learning* is profess'd,
Because they practice and maintain
The language of the beast.
We'll *drive the doctors out of doors*,
And *arts*, whatever they be;
We'll *cry both arts and learning down*,
And hey! then up go we.

If once that antichristian creed
Be crush'd and overthrown,
We'll teach the *Nobles how to crouch*
And *keep the gentry down*.
Good manners have an ill report,
And turn to pride we see,
We'll therefore *cry good manners down*,
And hey! then up go we.

The *name of Lord* shall *be abhorr'd*,
For *every man's a brother*,*

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* Why this is admirable. This, as a modern philosopher might say, is the very *germe* of the French Revolution. The same principle is fully laid down and vigorously enforced in that admirable production, the American Bill of Rights, a production which, whether we regard its sublime morality, its spotless justice, and its consummate wisdom, can never be sufficiently admired.

No reason *why in church or state*
One man should rule another;
But when the change of government
Shall set our fingers free,
We'll make the wanton sisters stoop,
And hey! then up go we.

Our coblers shall translate their *souls*
From caves obscure and shady;
We'll make Tom J—— as good as my Lord,
And Joan as good as my Lady.
We'll crush and fling the marriage ring
Into the Roman *See*.
We'll ask no bands, but e'en clap hands,
And hey! then up go we.

For The Port Folio.

Mrs. C. Smith, who, to the grief of every lover of moral and intellectual worth, has lately deceased, amused the tedious hours of her last sickness by composing what she modestly termed poetry for young persons. We know not exactly her standard for poetical maturity, but these verses, written under circumstances thus unpropitious, will please manhood and age as much as youth.

To a Geranium which flowered during the Winter, written in Autumn.

Native of Afric's arid lands,
Thou, and thy many-tinctur'd bands,
Unheeded and unvalued grew,
While Caffres crush'd beneath the sands
Thy pencil'd flowers of roseate hue.

But our old northern sky beneath
For thee attemper'd zephyrs breathe,
And art supplies the tepid dew,
That feeds in many a glowing wreath,
Thy lovely flowers of roseate hue.

Thy race that spring uncultur'd here,
Decline with the declining year,
While in successive beauty new,
Thine own light bouquets fresh appear
And marbled leaves of cheerful hue.

Now buds and bells of every shade
By Summer's ardent eye survey'd,
No more their gorgeous colours show;
And e'en the lingering asters fade,
With drooping heads of purple hue.

But naturaliz'd in foreign earth,
'Tis thine, with many a beauteous birth
As if in gratitude they blew,
To hang like blushing trophies forth,
Thy pencil'd flowers of roseate hue.

Oh then, amidst the wintry gloom,
Those flowers shall dress my cottage room
Like friends in adverse fortune true,
And sooth me with their roseate bloom,
And downy leaves of vernal hue.

HOURS OF LEISURE,

Or Essays, in the manner of Goldsmith.

(*Continued from page* 89.)

Imagination is another fruitful spring of false judgments. Dr. Watts.

A stranger, well mounted, and attended by a servant in a rich livery, one morning in the month of July, entered a market-town in Somersetshire, where the assizes were then held; and having put up at one of the principal inns, inquired of the landlord as to the curiosities and amusements of the place. Boniface, who was extremely well qualified to answer these inquiries, assured him, with a low bow, that there was no want of entertainment, as the players were in the town, and moreover that it was *sizetime;* accompanying his remarks with a recommendation, that the gentleman should by all means go to hear the trials that morning, as a highwayman was to be brought up. The stranger made some objections to this invitation, upon the ground of his being unknown, and the little chance he stood of meeting with proper accommodation. This difficulty was, however, removed, by the loquacious landlord assuring him, that a gentleman of his appearance would be readily admitted. Indeed, to make it more certain, he attended him to the Court-house, and represented him in such a way to his friends, the judge's clerks, that he obtained a seat at a little distance from the judge, just as the poor highwayman was about to make his defence. The appearance of the stranger, who was of elegant person and polished manners, arrested, for a moment, the attention of the court, till the prisoner was asked, if he had any thing to say. The poor culprit assured the judge, that he was not guilty of the robbery, and that, if he knew where to find them, there

were people who could prove a clear alibi. At this moment the poor wretch happened to catch sight of the stranger, when he exclaimed, with a degree of frantick joy, "Can it be possible!" and fell backwards on the floor. He was, however, with some difficulty, recovered. When the judge humanely inquired into the cause of his extravagant behaviour, the poor wretch answered, with tears in his eyes, "Oh, my lord, how providential! that gentleman, on your left hand, can prove my alibi." "How!" replied the judge; "is this true? or is it merely a vain pretext to procrastinate the just sentence of the law? pray, sir, let me ask you (continued his lordship, addressing himself to the stranger), do you know any thing of this man?" Upon this the traveller surveyed the criminal with the most scrupulous attention; and then said, "I am sorry to assure your lordship, that I do not know the prisoner."—"I thought as much," replied the judge; "it is mere trifling with justice." The prisoner, however, still insisted, that the stranger knew him; and the stranger again as positively denied the assertion; till the judge, displeased at his presumption, was about to receive the verdict of the jury. The culprit now, on his knees, entreated permission to say one word. "Indeed, my lord," cried he "the gentleman does know me, though he may have forgotten my person. Only give me leave to ask him three questions, and it will save my life." The judge humanely consented, and the curiosity of the whole court was excited. "Pray, sir," cried the prisoner, addressing himself to the stranger, "did you not land at Dover about a twelvemonth since?" "I believe I might," replied the gentleman. "And pray, sir, do you not recollect that a man, in a sailor's jacket, carried your trunk from the beach to the tavern?" "I can't say that I remember it," returned the stranger, "but it might possibly be so." At these words the prisoner, not disheartened at the difficulties he had met with, pulled off his wig, and again interrogated the stranger: "Do you not, sir, remember, that the man who carried your trunk on that day, showed you a scar he had got on his head in fighting for his King and country; and that he related the particulars of the action in which he was wounded? This is the same scar; look at it." "Good God!" exclaimed the stranger; "I do, indeed, perfectly remember the circumstance, and have every reason to believe this to be the man, though I had entirely forgotten his face: but, my lord," added the stranger, "I can put it to a certainty, for I have a memorandum of the day I arrived at Dover from Calais." The date was compared with the day laid in the indictment, and found to be the same. The whole court felt the impression, and joy was visible in every face; when, after swearing and examining the gentleman as to his name and place of abode, the foreman of the jury pronounced, Not Guilty.

A few evenings only had elapsed, when the prisoner, the stranger, and his livery-servant, were taken upon the road in their original capacities of experienced highwaymen.

The above story may serve as a useful lesson, to show the power of deception, when it presents to the imagination a natural association of ideas, and connects a probable chain of circumstances together.

Thus much, however, is certain, that a man has never so much reason to be satisfied with the deception practised upon him, as when humanity has misled his judgment. Though rigid justice may frown at the fraud, mercy will rejoice at the event of the life of a fellow-creature being saved.

Credulity is seldom unamiable, though frequently imprudent: and perhaps, after all, there is as much danger in being incredulous, as in credulity: the dogmatist and the skeptick are alike wide from the truth. A reasonable man views a thing on all sides before he determines, and searches for truth with care and attention, separating from the consideration the prejudices of sense and passion.

It not unfrequently happens, that the credulous and incredulous man

change characters. Without any established principle of true reason they fly off from one prejudice to another; the enthusiast becomes a free-thinker, and the infidel a superstitious bigot.

These extraordinary changes of opinion are generally produced by a new and casual association of ideas, connected strongly by the imagination, and in which reason has little share.

Thus we become dupes to fancy, and slaves to nonsense.

Another of the strongest sources of false judgment proceeds from the melancholy impression of fear. Thus the belief of supernatural appearances, engendered by some old nurse, and fostered by fancy, becomes a fruitful spring of misery.

Though the narratives of ghosts and apparitions, spirits and supernatural appearances, all want proof, yet frequently the circumstances attending them are so wrapped up in mystery, that the yet-unravelled story is sufficient evidence to a weak mind.

Perhaps a more remarkable instance cannot be easily produced than the following, authenticated by several respectable persons now alive.

Some few years since, before ghosts and spectres were properly introduced among us by means of the pantomimes and novels of the day, a gentleman of a philosophical turn of mind, who was hardy enough to deny the existence of any thing supernatural, happened to pay a visit to an old house in Gloucestershire, whose unfortunate owner had just become a bankrupt, with a view to offer such assistance and consolation as he could bestow; when, on one rainy dull evening in the month of March, the family being seated by the kitchen fireside, the conversation turned on supernatural appearances. The philosopher was endeavouring to convince his auditors of the folly and absurdity of such opinions, with rather an unbecoming levity, when the wife left the party and went up stairs; but had hardly quitted the kitchen three minutes, before a dreadful noise was heard mingled with the most horrid screams. The poor maid changed countenance, and her red hair stood erect in every direction; the husband trembled in his chair, and the philosopher began to look serious. At last the husband rose from his seat, and ascended the stairs in search of his wife, when a second dreadful scream was heard; the maid mustered resolution to follow her master, and a third scream ensued. The philosopher, who was not quite at ease, now thought it high time for him to set out in search of a cause; when, arriving at the landing place, he found the maid in a fit; the master lying flat with his face upon the floor, which was stained with blood; and, on advancing a little further, the mistress in nearly the same condition. To her the philosopher paid immediate attention; and, finding she had only swooned away, brought her in his arms down stairs, and placed her on the floor of the kitchen; the pump was at hand, and he had the presence of mind to run to it, to get some water in a glass; but what was his astonishment when he found that he pumped only copious streams of blood! which extraordinary appearance, joined to the other circumstances, made the unbeliever tremble in every limb; a sudden perspiration overspread the surface of his skin; and the supernatural possessed his imagination in all its true colours of dread and horrour. Again and again he repeated his efforts, and again and again threw away the loathsome contents of the glass.

Had the story stopped here, what would not superstition have made of it! But the philosopher, who was still pumping, now found the colour grow paler, and at last pure water filled the vessel. Overjoyed at this observation, he threw the limpid stream in the face of the mistress, whose recovery was assisted by the appearance of her husband and Betty.

The mystery, when explained, turned out to be simply this: the good housewife, when she knew that a docket had been struck against her husband, had taken care to conceal

some of her choice cherry-brandy from the rapacious gripe of the messenger to the commissioners of bankrupts, on some shelves in a closet up stairs; which also contained, agreeable to the ancient architecture of the building, the trunk of the pump below; and, in trying to move the jars to get a drop for the party at the kitchen fire, the shelf gave way with a tremendous crash, the jars were broken into a hundred pieces, the rich juice descended in torrents down the trunk of the pump, and filled, with its ruby current, the sucker beneath; and this was the self-same fluid which the philosopher, in his fright, had so madly thrown away. The wife had swooned at the accident; the husband in his haste had fallen on his nose, which ran with blood; and the maid's legs, in her hurry, coming in contact with her fallen master's ribs, she, like "vaulting ambition," overleapt herself, and fell on the other side.

Often has the story been told, by one who knew the philosopher, with *great effect*, till the last act, or *denouement*; when disappointment was mostly visible in the looks of his auditors, at finding that there was actually nothing supernatural in the affair, and *no ghost*.

(To be continued.)

For The Port Folio.

LEVITY.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

You have, doubtless, seen a Digest of the Laws of Pennsylvania, by C. Read, Esq. and I know you are acquainted with the authour and his waggery. But would you have supposed that, in so grave a work as the abridgment of a code of laws, he would, or could have introduced his love of sarcasm and fun? Yet such is the fact; and the mode he has chosen to gratify his mischievous disposition, is in the construction of the index to his work; from which I give you a few *literal* extracts:

Administration,	see	*Frauds and Perjuries.*
Age,	see	*Vice and Immorality.*
Aldermen,	see	*Poor.*
Assault,	see	*Justices.*
Attorney Gen.	see	*Fees.*
Bail,	see	*Horse Stealing.*
Battery,	see	*Justice.*
Biscuit,	see	*Beef and Pork.*
Bribery,	see	*Elections.*
Children,	see	*Negroes and Mulattoes.*
Commissioners,	see	*Insolvent Debtors.*
Common Pleas,	see	*Lunaticks.*
Compounding of Felony,	see	*Administration of Justice*, alluding to the frequent pardons.
Contempt,	see	*Courts.*
Crimes,	see	*Administration of Justice.*
Debtors,	see	*Publick Accounts*, Randolph, Livingston, &c. &c.
Disobedience of Orders,	see	*Militia*
Drunkenness,	see	*Militia.*
Errour,	see	*Courts and Publick Accounts.*
Fraud,	see	*Elections.*
Gaming,	see	*Publick Houses.*
Importer,	see	*Convicts.*
Leaden *Spouts*,	see	*Administration of Justice*, a hit at the Judges.
Married Women,	see	*Adultery.*
Merchants,	see	*Convicts, Negroes, and Mulattoes.*
Notes,	see	*Vice and Immorality*, a touch at the *shavers.*
Overseers of the Poor,	see	*Rock fish and oysters.*
Relations,	see	*Negroes and Mulattoes.*
Security,	see	*Militia*, a *quiz.*
Subornation of Perjury,	see	*Administration of Justice.*

CUM MULTIS ALIIS.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

For The Port Folio.

RICHARD PETERS, Junr. Esq. of this city, has recently published a very valuable professional work, entitled *Admiralty Decisions in the District Court of the United States, for the Pennsylvania District, by the Honourable Richard Peters, comprising also some Decisions in the same Court, by the late Francis Hopkinson, Esqr. to which are added Cases determined in other Districts of the United States, with an Appendix, containing the Laws of Oleron—the Laws of Wisbuy—the*

Laws of the Hanse Towns—the Marine Ordinances of Louis XIV—a Treatise on the Rights and Duties of Owners, Freighters, and Masters of Ships, and of Mariners: and the Laws of the United States relative to Mariners. In Two Volumes.

In all our great towns that numerous description of persons interested in maritime and mercantile transactions, will find their account in perusing these Decisions. The great body of city lawyers will add these volumes to their library of course; and law students who are destined for commercial practice will be guilty of culpable neglect, if they omit the perusal of this publication.

We think the plan and arrangement of this work very creditable to Mr. Peters. This gentleman who is the son of the learned Judge to whom we are indebted for these useful reports, observes, in a very modest and well-written preface

The following Cases are considered worthy of publication as additions to the limited stock of knowledge, on the important subjects of them, to be found in the library of the lawyer. The Decisions in the District Court of Pennsylvania, will, it is hoped, be highly useful to the Bar, and to the members of the commercial community. In a Court of extensive and multifarious business, many Cases of the same kind have been decided; but the Editor has included none in this work save those which are considered necessary to establish, impress, or elucidate general principles. Many of the Cases are taken from the Records of the Court, and others are copied verbatim from the Judge's notes, to which he has added annotations. Originally intended only to refresh his memory, and to preserve uniformity of decision, and not for publication, in these notes the names of the Counsel engaged in the Causes, as well as many of the authorities on which part of the decisions are founded, and the periods when they were given, have been omitted; but every circumstance necessary in the statement of each Case is detailed with careful attention.

The Decisions are confined to the admiralty side of the Court with few exceptions. Those in the *exchequer* or *revenue*, *criminal* and *common law* sides are omitted, as not comprised in the objects of this publication. The Cases of *Salvage* and *Mariners' Contracts* will be found particularly useful as containing more extended views of the principles which regulate and expound them, than will be found in any work in our possession. To the Counsel who practice in the Court they are essentially necessary, as they are the established law of the Court, and will so continue until altered on appeal. From some of them, and the most important, appeals have been entered, and the Decrees appealed from have been confirmed by the superiour Court. The greater part of the others have been acquiesced in through a course of fifteen years, during which the present District Judge has presided in the Court. To merchants they will be useful guides to conduct them in many intricate, and too often vexatious, parts of their daily business and general affairs. From them they will receive information on points which have been passed over in silence by the laws of the United States for the regulation of seamen, and which consequently have been left for their determination to the usages of commercial nations, and to the principles of general maritime law. Inferiour magistrates, in whom, in the absence of the District Judge, authority by the laws of the United States is vested, to examine into the complaints of seamen, will find in this selection the information necessary to assist them in these preliminary inquiries.

Throughout the United States the Editor trusts this work will be held in some estimation. The Courts of the different Districts, deriving their authority from the same sources and subjected in their determinations to the same laws, should preserve if possible, a uniformity of decision. It has afforded to him much satisfaction to find from the few Cases decided in other States, which have come into his possession, that this uniformity does in a great measure prevail, and he hopes the present publication will increase it.

He confidently trusts that the Cases from the notes of the late Judge Hopkinson will be highly estimated by all who read them; and he thus publickly tenders his acknowledgments to Mr. J. Hopkinson for these valuable additions to his collections. The principles on which these Cases were decided, are those which have been uniformly adopted by the present Judge of the Pennsylvania District, and which claim as authority the best writers on civil and admiralty law.

While the Editor does an act of justice to his much respected parent, by acknowledging that to him he is indebted for almost every one of the notes on the Admiralty Decisions, he also claims the right to express his gratitude for the frequent and useful assistance he has received from him in other parts of his undertaking. Indeed for himself he expects no other merit from the work, than that which he may derive from the labour of collecting the materials and preparing them for the press.

In the appendix to each volume, the Editor has judiciously introduced most of the maritime code, and has collected and arranged so much useful matter that the legislator, the lawyer, the magistrate, the merchant, and the mariner will thank Mr. Peters for so laudable a service. My Lord COKE asserts, that a lawyer constantly owes something to his profession, and seems to think that he is bound to some task which will enlarge the bounds of Jurisprudence. The Editor of this work, though a young man, has wisely abstracted himself from minor cares or pleasures, and usefully devoted his leisure to the construction of a book which acquits him of the above obligation.

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LITERARY NOTICE.

A translation of Pothier's celebrated Treatises on Insurance, on Bottomry and Respondentia, and on the Hiring of Sailors is now preparing for the press, and will be speedily published. Each Treatise will be accompanied by Notes from the pen of a professional Gentleman, referring to English and American cases on the different points, treated by Pothier. An appendix of useful forms will be subjoined, and the whole adapted to the use of the COUNTING HOUSE, as well as to the LIBRARY OF THE LAWYER.

A Translation of the Treatises of the same Authour on Averages and Charter Parties is in a state of forwardness.

VARIETY.

In the rough blast heaves the billow,
In the light air waves the willow;
Every thing of moving kind
VARIES with the veering wind:
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

Sombre tale, and satire witty,
Sprightly glee, and doleful ditty,
Measur'd sighs, and roundelay,
Welcome all! but do not stay.
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

PLAINTIVE.

He is a stout, healthy man, of a robust complexion. But his mind is not so vigorous as his body. His chief, indeed his only care, is that of his health; and according to his own account, no man ever bestowed his care to less purpose: for he always declares himself to be in bad health, and nothing provokes him so much as hinting that he is in good health, or likely ever to be so.

As he keeps much within doors, he is obliged sometimes, to have recourse to books as an amusement, and takes some delight in reading history and romance. Yet the narrative of no battle however obstinate, or no adventure, however surprising, delights him so much as that of some severe distemper, in which the symptoms are faithfully delineated, and the sufferings of the patient forcibly recorded.

Mr. Plaintive, continually consults practitioners in physick of every denomination, though he never admits that any of them hath ever done him any permanent service. Those of the profession, who advise him to give over swallowing drugs, and to look for a cure in exercise, amusement, and temperance, he dismisses as theorists, and men unacquainted with the common practice of medicine

Mr. Plaintive is fond of telling long stories; he is generally the hero of his own tale; and being of the opinion of those who think that great men shine most in adversity, his hero was always as miserable as he could make him. His heroism being of a passive nature, however, and his sufferings always in the superlative degree, which admits of little variation of phraseology the incidents of the narrative are seldom entertaining.

His complaints, no doubt, are often imaginary; but it is equally certain that he seldom imagined them to be so bad as he wishes his friend to imagine them. For though no man ever had less sympathy to bestow, none was ever more fond of receiving it.

—

ENNUI.

Of all the contrivances to exclude this intruding demon from the mind of man, the most debasing and destructive is the use of intoxicating liquors: that pernicious habit blunts all desire of improvement, deadens

emulation, obscures the understanding, sinks the soul into sluggishness, renders men insensible to the love of reputation, familiarizes them with the idea of contempt, and extinguishes every enjoyment but that maudlin delirium, excited by spirituous liquors, which soon carries them to their graves.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We are decidedly of opinion that "E" is fully competent to the historical task he alludes to. He has acted abroad nobly; let him now usefully speculate at home. Let him now exchange the soldier for the historian. In the eloquent words of my Lord Bolingbroke—Let him imitate Thucydides in Thracia, or Xenophon at his farm in Scillus. In such a retreat, he may sit down, like one of the inhabitants of Elis, who judged of the Olympick games without taking any part in them. Far from the hurry of the world, and almost an unconcerned spectator of what passes in it, having paid in a publick life what he owed to the present age, let him pay in a private life what he owes to posterity.

The "Communication" from the young ladies of Augusta, we may not refuse to insert, without violating the *sweet courtesies of life*, and forfeiting all character for gallantry. If, in the opinion of certain grumblers, the President and his administration are too lavishly commended, let it be remembered, that the Fancy and Invention of the Fair are naturally warm and romantick. Hence, the charming girls of Augusta, who, with equal skill, can embroider the American standard, and embellish paragraphs of patriotism, have an *unalienable right* to decorate the Fourth of July, the divine Declaration and its immortal authour with the beautiful Iris of Imagination, and the captivating colours of *Poetry*.

R. P. resembles the academician he celebrates. He is a poet as well as a painter. We hope that he will always maintain an alliance between the pencil and the lyre.

The Essay from the pen of Mr. Brewer will be read with great interest.

We greet the ingenious Essayists who have just furnished us with three speculations, written in a very sprightly strain. We wish them to prepare a series and pursue a regular plan, like the Spectator. With respect to the title of a periodical paper, we are not very fastidious. But we do not altogether approve of that which ou correspondents have chosen.

We cordially agree with our friend M, respecting the merits of the UNITED STATES' GAZETTE. It is undoubtedly a judicious Journal. The editor is a very correct politician, and since the commencement of the present unhappy dispute between Great Britain and the United States, he has not dictated a paragraph but what is perfectly pertinent to the issue. This paper has been, from the first, consecrated to the information of the Americans; and it is believed it may justly boast of the merit of never speaking to the passions, without appealing to the reason of the country.

The article entitled *Levity* will provoke laughter during the dull dog-days. The authour is a wag, and we hope he will furnish us with many articles of this description.

In the publick library of this city, no species of literary inquisitiveness need be ungratified. Learning exclaims, "*Ho! every one that thirsteth.*" Let X obey the call, and hasten to the spring. Let him drink at all the fountains of knowledge, and quench his thirst of curiosity.

The picture which S has drawn of the President's proclamation is an admirable likeness. There is a passage somewhere in my Lord Bolingbroke's Works, which happily describes that sort of elevation which grows out of vulgar popularity: It fares with his ambition as with a lofty tree, which cannot shoot its branches into the clouds, unless its root *work* into the

dirt, from which it rose, *on which it stands*, and *by which it is nourished.*

The political essays and paragraphs of S, in the Boston Gazette, remind us of a passage in a favourite authour: His reasons are sharp and sententious; pleasant without scurrility, witty without affectation, bold without impudence, learned without opinion, and strange without heresy.

The prudent secrecy of V is very commendable.

To himself so secret and so close
So far from sounding and discovery
As is the bud, bit with an envious worm,
Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air,
Or dedicate his beauty to the Sun.

The character and writings of C may be described in a couplet which POPE applies to the most brilliant nobleman of his time:

Correct with spirit, eloquent with ease,
Intent to reason, or polite to please.

We wish that our fair correspondent would turn to a beautiful song of honest MATTHEW PRIOR, and meditate on the following stanzas:

What I speak, my fair Chloe, and what I write, shows
The difference there is between nature and art;
I court others in verse, but I love thee in prose,
And they have my whimsies, but thou hast my heart.

The god of us verse men, you know, child, the Sun,
How after his journey he sets up his rest,
If at morn over earth 'tis his fancy to run,
At night he reclines on his Thetis's breast.

So, when I am wearied with wandering all day,
To thee, my delight, in the evening I come,
No matter what beauties I saw in my way,
They were *but my visits*, but THOU ART MY HOME.

The sentiments of "Saladin" are very salutary. They will invigorate the industry of aspiring youth. But let him pay no attention to the paradoxes of Rousseau. They are a madman's dreams. The Swiss is eloquent, but we must never expect to find in his works either morality or truth. He was a foolish politician and a corrupt teacher.

The theme which B has suggested is so copious that it would demand an everlasting pen, and an inexhaustible inkstand.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For The Port Folio.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

If the first productions of an infant muse can so far meet your approbation as to secure them a place in your valuable Repository of Literature, they may certainly boast of possessing some degree of merit.

ODE
TO FRIENDSHIP.

Oh, thou whose power to sooth the heart,
When bleeding in distress,
To pour in Sorrow's wounds a balm,
The grief-worn troubled breast to calm,
And dull the point of Care's corroding dart,
With rapture all confess;
Hail lovely Friendship, source of social joy,
A youthful Muse this tribute pays
To thee, in humble, artless lays,
Daughter of Heav'n, whose pleasures never cloy!

Blest with thy smiles to soften Misery's frown,
The rustick tenant of the lowly shed,
At eve with thee, to chase fatigue away,
And in thy joys forget the busy day,
Lies far more happy in his rush-strew'd bed
Than scepter'd majesty who rests on down,
Whose flattered will obsequious wait
The sycophants of pomp and state,
But not one faithful friend!
For on the crown and purple robe alone
And not on brilliant pain that fills the throne
The venal crowd of parasites attend.

If doomed the stings of adverse fate to feel,
And all the pangs of each concordant ill,
Which they who tread the vale of life must bear;
If Health affrighted flies my bed of care,
Give one sweet maid, I ask no more,

A friend to cheer life's dreary hour,
And when oppressed with poignant grief,
To give my woes a sweet relief
And soothe my anguished breast;
Give me to whom I can impart
The smiles and sorrows of my heart;
Let others be more blest.
And when no power my fleeting life can save,
Give me one friend to mourn me in the grave.

S.

—

For The Port Folio.

On reading Shee's Rhymes on Art.

When KNELLER had portrayed the fair,
With Gothick taste, yet noble air,
Pope wove a garland round his head,
And crowned him with th' illustrious dead;
And he to whom ten monarchs sat,
Rose less in fame by this than that.
JERVAS, from Friendship's partial heart,
Received the meed unwon by art;
Yet shall his praise remain as long
As matchless Pope's immortal song!
More justly valued REYNOLDS knew
Mason, a friend and poet too;
Yet he, whose polished numbers, fraught
With Fresnoy's close instructive thought,
Borrowed new glory from his track,
And every ray came coloured back.
What painters now their poet's fire?
The colours glow, but wake no lyre;
Alas! no kindred bards rehearse
The pencil's praise, in raptured verse—
Dull may the painter plod, nor hear
Soft musick's soothing cadence near;
'Till rapt, inspired, he seize the lyre,
And painting, breathe poetick fire!
Then, mounting on congenial wing,
Thus taught to feel, he dares to sing—
Hence Fresnoy gained from willing Fame,
A double wreath—another name.

Whence swells that strain sublime on art,
That guides the mind and fills the heart?
Yon sky-light room the Echo flings——
'Tis SHEE so well that paints and sings!
Ye fond, which shall we most admire,
His pencils, harmony or lyre?
In which discover more of grace,
The polished verse or magick face?
The air of elegance that reigns
'Mid social hues or feeling strains;
The soul transfused in verse, or, warm
With mimick life, fair Nature's form?
The sister arts more fond unite,
Grow brighter in their mutual light,
And Beauty with new charms invest;
So well he sings who paints her best.

R. P.

—

For The Port Folio.

REFLECTIONS IN SOLITUDE.

This is a summer's eve—the mellow wind
Sighs o'er the bosom of the dewy rose,
As if to woo it from the sweet repose
In which it slumbers—while it bears along
Upon its fragrant pinions, lover-like,
The perfume of its tributary flowers—
The restless humming-bird has ceased his flight,
And on the honeysuckle's velvet breast,
His nightly couch, amid the trembling dews
Awaits the breaking of the morning dawn—
The quiet brook, whose polished surface bears
The clear impress of over-arching oaks,
Steals by the meadow, fearful, as it were,
To break upon the stillness of the night!
The breath of love is everywhere abroad!
The yellow moonlight sleeps upon the grass
And softens all the scene, while all around
The gaudy fire-fly streams its meteor light,
And now evanishes—now gleams again!—
Poor idle insect, canst not thou discern
The wanton schoolboy, with extended arms,
Breathless, and wand'ring eye, on tiptoe fixed,
Tracing thy devious flight, 'till on the leaf
In some unguarded moment, resting there,
Thou gleam'st, and findst his hand thy grave!—
Alas! the fev'rish dream of passion's hour
Is often thus, and when repose is sought
The light returns,—but oh the heart is wrecked!—

JACQUES.

—

For The Port Folio.

ACROSTICK.

Saw ye yonder nymph so gay,
As she wander'd o'er the plain;
Love and Beauty led the way,
Love, bewitching every swain:
Youth and Innocence delighted,
(Fancy's fairest angel forms,)
On the maiden blushing waited,
Unconscious of their heavenly charms.
Love at that moment seized my throbbing breast,
Kindling affection not to be expressed,
Endearing, ardent,—ne'er to be suppressed.

E. S.

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